Leonard & Ellen 6600 Ellis A 6

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII.

CHICAGO, JULY 20, 1899.

NUMBER 21.

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....ANNOUNCEMENT....

History of the Bible, Told as if for Those Who Had Never Read It.

The editors are glad to announce that during the vacation weeks arrangements have been made with W. L. Sheldon, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis, for the publication in Unity of a series of lectures on the above topic. These lectures were given last winter to St. Louis audiences that continually grew in size and interest. Mr. Sheldon was particularly successful in interesting business men, those who seldom go to church. The lectures will bring out the contrast between the Bible as people used to think about it and the Bible as it is presented to day in the light of the higher criticism. Mr. Sheldon is doubtless right in the assumption that many intelligent persons really know very little about the Bible as it stands in history and literature. The syllabus of the course, given below, will indicate the line of discussion. We are confident that the series will prove of such value that the readers will wish to preserve the copies for their own use and at the same time wish to lend them to their neighbors. When they are over many will regret that they did not make timely provision to secure the whole set.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1899.

NUMBER 21.

Having in a recent issue called attention to the fact that the "Congregation" of the University of Chicago was to discuss the wisdom, if not the right, of college professors to speak their full mind on all topics, we owe it to the university to say that the same "Congregation," which is made up of the faculty and officers of the university, took an unequivocal stand for not only the right, but the duty of college professors to stand for their maximum in the world and to count one on all subjects about which they have convictions.

Mrs. E. A. Paull, superintendent of streets in the First Ward of Chicago, is leading a notable agitation in the interest of small parks, people's breathing places in the heart of the great noisy and dusty city. Chicago may justly boast of its "park system," but the children will continue to languish and the adults grow cross and intemperate until the smaller parks are scattered with liberal hand, like oases in the desert, in the heart of the city, before the real city grows more valuable and the public mind grows more conservative. Let the mistakes of the fathers be corrected not only in Chicago, but everywhere.

Sometimes distance is as necessary to secure a moral as it is a physical perspective. The Chicago Times-Herald, speaking of the National Educational Association in session at Los Angeles, says, "The struggle which Superintendent Andrews of Chicago has been making against political dominion for the restoration of those powers and prerogatives which properly belong to his office, has been watched with unflagging interest by all the leading educators of the country." Professor Soldan of St. Louis, in an interview concerning the Chicago schools, says:

The committee system of school management is bad, because under it there is a lack of responsibility. It is to the interest of board members to give more power to the superintendent. It saves the board time and gives it more chance to think of questions of policy, and at the same time it insures an efficient educational management.

Rev. John Snyder, in the "Christian Register" of July 6, boldly challenges the widely spread charge against Aguinaldo that he sold his country for Spanish gold. Mr. Snyder asks Mr. Calthrop, who has repeatedly reiterated this charge, for further proof. We give below Mr. Snyder's summing up of the case. Perhaps others have more light to throw upon the subject in the way of first-hand evidence. We have had plenty of second-hand implications:

Mr. R. Wildman, consul-general, representing the American government in Hongkong, says, under date of July 18, 1898: "There has been a systematic attempt to blacken the name of Aguinaldo. . . It has been said that they [he] sold their [his] country for gold; but this has been conclusively disproved, not only by their own statements, but by the speech of the late Governor-general Riviera, in the Spanish Senate, June 11, 1898. He said that Aguinaldo undertook to submit if the Spanish government would give a certain sum to the widows and orphans of the insurgents.

He then admits that only a tenth part of this sum was ever given to Aguinaldo, and that the other promises made he did not find it expedient to keep." This money Aguinaldo, as shown by the testimony of Mr. Williams, an American consul, afterward used for the purchase of arms with which to fight the Spanish.

An interesting triumph of prohibition is to be recorded. For many months the beer men have been trying to secure a license for an Edelweiss Beer Garden, to be erected on the corner of Forty-first street and Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago. So confident were the beer men that they would finally succeed that they pushed their work of preparation without flinching through all the agitation. Much money has been spent in building, decorations and other equipments suitable to a large out-of-door "resort," situated at an interesting travel junction on the margin of Washington Park and in the heart of the prohibition district which the city of Chicago was fortunate enough to inherit from the village of Hyde Park at the time of its annexation. Now the Edelweiss people, having failed at every turn to secure the license that would justify a beer drinking place, are trying to evade the law by organizing a "club," which will sell hard drinks only to members. Fears are entertained that this evasion will prove successful, but even then it is to the beer men a pitiable confession of defeat; its is acknowledgment that the public does not want them, that the law will not recognize them and that in the eyes of the public they are branded as defiers of the law, who sneak in through side doors to do that which they ought to be ashamed of. Let the "club" prosper, if it must, for a little while longer. Its respectability is gone and much of its power for evil over the young and untried members of the community is gone also.

George Washington Julian was one of the stalwarts of Lincoln's time. "There were giants in those days" of Trumbull, Chase, Wilson and Sumner, and Julian was one of them. In 1872 Lydia Maria Child, one of the scribes of the anti-slavery movement, wrote his life and compiled his speeches, for then the life seemed rounded out. But Mr. Julian stayed on earth twentyseven years longer to show what vitality there is in conscience, what endurance there is in an active mind. On July 7 Mr. Julian passed out of sight in the eightysecond year of his age. Whatsoever was noble and heroic in the story of our country from 1850 to the present time belongs to the story of this great Indianian. He was born into a pioneer's home; helped shape the state, was present at the birth of the Republican party, was a power in Congress throughout the better part of a generation. Mr. Julian was an allaround radical, which is another way of saying that he was a live man in all directions. To be an abolitionist in those days meant, of course, to be an advocate of woman suffrage, a believer in progressive religion, a man who is as open-eyed when he turned his face

Godward as when he looked manward. Much of his long and noble life was spent in or near the city of Indianapolis and when he was laid to rest it was fitting that his friend and pastor, the Rev. Mr. Dewhurst, should say the closing words. While the hand was still ready to serve the mind, the pages of Unity were enriched by Mr. Julian's thought. He was a friend of Unity and a co-worker with the Unity workers. Personally the writer of this note mourns a friend he honored as the nation mourns almost the last one of that splendid band that has made the annals of the United States heroic. Heaven grant that they may have successors.

Genial Carlyle,*

Thomas Carlyle's reputation as a grumbler seems to have been fixed beyond all possibility of change, for has not his growl been heard on two continents. The reading world seems to have settled down to two fixed conclusions concerning Thomas Carlyle, i. e., that he was a man of profound intellectual ability, and a man of a snarling, dyspeptic temperament. He has been called "the prophet of gloom." His humor, the superabundance of which is manifest everywhere, was ever of the sardonic kind. He seemed in his writings to be poorly reconciled to the world whose inhabitants were "mostly fools."

But let no one think this longer. We call for a new estimate of Carlyle. Ho, everybody! Come into the sunshine of Carlyle's smile. Let the befogged intellect say to the drooping heart, "Come let us turn to the sage of Chelsea." All the grimness which one finds there is superficial. Beneath the surface there was not only light, but that divine attendant upon light also, sweetness. We have at last the heart of Carlyle in its Scotch simplicity and Celtic fervor, revealed in this volume of family letters, most of which were written to his youngest sister, the "little Jenny," who died in Canada in the eighty-fourth year of her age, December, 1897. Many of them also are to the dear mother who late in life mastered the art of writing that she might correspond with "Tom."

George Eliot has given us a humorous character of whom it is said, "He knew all about the German philosophers except their philosophy." This, after all, is not a bad way of approaching the philosophers and alas, for the philosophy advanced by one who cannot stand this test. In this book we learn much of Carlyle without learning anything about his philosophy. Here we find a man of exceeding tenderness, the thoughtful son and loving playful brother, the simple-minded peasant, who, while writing of kings and for those who are greater than kings, kept his heart warm and his life tender with the thought of the sturdy brothers and sisters and the growing line of nephews and nieces on the Scotch hills.

This is altogether a delightful book. The illustrations are attractive, for here we have the faces of Thomas Carlyle in his workday vigor, as well as in the old age that is crowned with the abundant shock of white hair. Here is the face of Mother Carlyle and

"Little Jenny" when she is eighty-two years of age; as well as the elusive shadow of Jane Welsh, the gentle woman, the enviable victim as some people would have us believe, of a loveless match. We do not wonder that Carlyle had to explain to his sister Jenny that "the white mat on Jane's lap is her wretched little Messin dog 'Nero,'" else we would never have known it was a dog at all. Here we are shown Ecclefechan, the birthplace, and the garden of No. 5 Cheyne Row, London, the brooding place of this stalwart and devout Protestant. But the pictures are the least picturesque elements in this book. Every page is full of home color and mellow with artless love. Here we see the Thomas Carlyle whose hair was cropped "partly by my own endeavors in the front, chiefly by sister Jenny's in the rear." The Carlyle solicitous about his tobacco, measuring his own shirt and sending the figures to the sister that would make them out of the genuine Scotch flannel he believed in; the Carlyle that asks dear Jenny to knit him a pair of "wristikins like the pair she knit for him when she was a little bairn, a pair that has beautiful stripes of red in them yet, but are now too thin and do not fill up the cuff of the coat, which is rather wide with me." He wanted them "double the common thickness of those in the shop." He suggests that boozy yarn, two ply, will make a perfect article." Here we find the thrifty Scotchman who has his oatmeal and bacon shipped from the old home farm because they are both cheaper and better. He suggests to his sister how she can save postage by drawing two pen marks on the outside of the paper wrapper which she sends, these will indicate that they are all well. Now he sends half a sovereign for "gooseberries for mother, for they are really very wholesome;" another half sovereign "to dear Jenny to buy the poor bairn a new pock. You must take that without grumbling;" and a sovereign "for a bonnet for sister Mary." While telling Jenny that "there is no hurry about the shirts," he tells Jamie that he left "in the washstand drawer a little piece of new stuff for rubbing on his razor strop." He receives from America, presumably from Emerson, "a foolish Yankee letter of adoration to me." .He must send it to his mother before he orders it consigned to the flames. Here is the son who sends the sage prescription to his mother, who is suffering from sore eyes: "Keep out of the light as much as possible. I would also recommend to abstain from rubbing as much as you can."

We are glad to find that the biographer of Cromwell liked a horse, and sympathize with his suffering the prods of conscience over the costly luxury that "ate his head off." But then we are comforted in finding that he kept the horse all the same, for "was it not a present," and was he not working hard to persuade himself when he wrote, "I get considerable benefit of my horse, which is a very darling article, black, high, very good natured, very swift and takes me out into the green country for a taste of that almost every day. I sometimes think of riding it up into Annandale, but that will be almost too lengthy an operation." It was too far from London to Scotland to ride, but he does start out on a shorter ride of a week's campaign. He met more than one accident from his riding during

his life. Fritz, Noggs and Comet are names of the horses that served him. Poor Fritz was the excellent horse "that had carried me seven years and above twenty thousand miles. His hoofs got spoiled on the stone hard roads. He came plunging down with me one day. * * * upon which I had to sell him to a kind master for an old song." The editor tells us that the song was nine pounds.

Let no one think these family confidences stop with the inner things of the heart, such as questions of shirt and drawer making, oatmeal and bacon, horses and weather. These family letters permit us to enter the mental workshop and we catch more sympathetic and illuminating glimpses perhaps than we do in the more formal biographical attempts. We see him haunted year after year with his Cromwell before he undertakes the work. We note how Frederick the Great compels him to his studies and we see him at last growing old, losing the power of his hand, but the heart is still warm. At last we see his friends fittingly refuse for him the glory of a burial in Westminster Abbey that his ashes may rest with those of his fore-elders in the rustic burying ground of Ecclefechan, within a few rods of the place where he first saw the light.

We hope we have said enough to induce those who have closed their hearts to Thomas Carlyle on account of his dyspeptic temper or gloomy spirit to open the question again long enough to read these letters, after which we are sure they will say that Thomas Carlyle the Great was also Thomas Carlyle the Good; that he could be jolly as well as grim, tender as well as severe.

In 1865 Mr. Emerson went to Canada to see "Little Jenny" and exclaimed as he saw her sitting in the window: "Is this Carlyle's 'little sister?" Little did he or the great Thomas think that the "little sister" would yet unconsciously re-introduce Carlyle to the students of Carlyle. And being the recipient of his love, to-day she stands as the interpreter of Carlyle's love, of everybody's love. Oh, love is always lovable.

Song of the Silent Land.

From the German of Salis.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more thickly gather, And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand Thither, O thither, Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!

For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted.
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,

Into the Silent Land!

-Henry W. Longfellow.

Our pleasures in literature do not, I think, decline with age. Last first of January was my eighty-second birthday, and I think that I had as much enjoyment from books as ever I had in my life.—Maria Edgeworth.

The Pulpit.

The English Bible.

The Story of the Bible Told from the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship.

BY W. L. SHELDON, LECTURER, ETHICAL SOCIETY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

II.

A long while ago, it may have been a hundred years or several hundred years before this time—I do not know the exact date—it seems that a number of men were exploring near the summit of a high mountain and came on some sea shells lying there. We call them nowadays fossils. And what were those sea shells doing there on the top of a mountain? "Why, the devil put them there," was the answer, "in order to perplex the scholars and lead them to make fools of themselves with more theories." "No," replied the scholars, "nature put them there, just as nature shaped the mountain tops. It was all one work."

"Then how did those sea shells come there?" was the query. "It is plain enough," was the reply. "There is only one possible answer. At one time those mountain tops were at the bottom of the sea." In response to this the scholars or men of science received only a smile of contempt. Such talk was not worth listening to or arguing with. It was to be let alone.

But it has all been settled now beyond dispute. The mountain tops have been at the bottom of the sea. And it was then that the shells found their way there. No educated man doubts this. We all take it for granted. The smile of contempt has ceased. The theory was finally argued out and settled.

We call these sea shells fossils, meaning by this, evidences of organic life which may now seem out of place. And chiefly by means of these fossils the man of science has read the story of the earth. He knows the history of our planet ten million or one hundred million years ago almost as well as he knows the early history of the human race.

"But what has all this to do with the Bible?" you ask. "A great deal," we reply, "because just such fossils exist there too, and it has been by means of such fossils that the scholars have read and reconstructed the Bible." To-day we know more about the way it grew or was put together than we know about the growth and development of the plays of Shakespeare. It is astounding to think it. But it is a fact, nevertheless.

It has come for the most part within the last one hundred years and the major portion of it within the last twenty-five years; at least, so far as the popular acceptance of it is concerned.

When the new standpoint concerning the structure of the Bible was first put forth, it was looked upon naturally as a grotesque theory and was answered by the same smile of contempt. By and by, when it took larger proportions and became more important, it was regarded as a dangerous attitude which conscientious, devout believers in the Bible must not pay any attention to.

But to-day all is changed. The standpoint I am going to describe for you has won its way within the folds of orthodoxy. It no longer ranks as heresy for a man to accept it. The best authorities for it in the English-speaking world on the whole are within the fold of the orthodox church. And if you wanted books on the subject explaining it, supporting it and advocating it, I should refer you to the works now published by the orthodox clergy, men in good and regular standing within their respective de-

mominations. I do not mean to say that all the clergy have accepted it, by any manner of means. A great many of them hold to the old attitude as before. But the new standpoint has ceased to rank as "heresy." What is more, it is most surprising to observe the unanimity of opinion, on the whole, among those scholars who accept the new method at all. I do not mean to say that they agree on all the minor points, any more than you will find that the men of science agree on all points concerning the history of the earth.

But taking it altogether, the agreement of opinion is positively astonishing. Where the divergence among the scholars is most apparent is with reference to the latter portion of the Bible which we call the New Testament. This would seem strange, inasmuch as the New Testament is nearer to us and we ought to be able to come closer to the circumstances which lead to its appearance. But it may be that more is involved in admitting this other attitude with reference to the New Testament..

The new attitude or new method of studying the sacred literature goes, as you know, under the name of the Higher Criticism. I like the term because it implies a conviction on the part of the scholars that it is a higher way of looking at the Bible. With it comes an interpretation which makes the Bible more instructive, more valuable, more worthy of regard than ever before, and therefore it is a "higher"

method.

It has certainly given us another Bible from the traditional one. It leaves us all—whether we be radical or conservative, within or without the folds of orthodoxy, belonging to the church or apart from the church—it leaves us all free to approach that literature with the same regard or same awe or same reverence. And it is a gratifying fact that in the new version of the Bible which is being issued, the "Polychrome" Bible, the translators have been chosen without regard to sect or church, solely by their rank as scholars. What is more, we find the thoroughgoing rationalist who may not believe in inspiration, and the thoroughgoing conservative who believes in inspiration just as before, each paying a like regard to the opinions of the other. Plainly it would look as if. the doctrine of inspiration of the Bible was not necessarily concerned in the outcome between the struggle of the old and new standpoints.

I have said that they have been reading the story of the Bible, its history, the way it grew, the way it was put together, by means of the fossils there. I am using this term reverently, meaning by it the detached or misplaced pages in that literature, those which stand out isolated, as it were, by themselves. One such sublime "fossil," for instance, is the Sermon on the Mount, in certain respects the finest por-

tion of the whole sacred literature.

This Sermon on the Mount, beyond all question, comes nearer to the original teachings of Jesus than anything else in all the Scriptures. We find allusion to it from the very earliest times of the Christian era, where there is a reference to certain "logia" or "sayings" recorded by Matthew. These sayings, which pass as the "Sermon on the Mount," and which form such a striking portion of the Bible, stand out by themselves as a landmark, and undoubtedly give us the kernel or core of the New Testament. Whatever else we may trust in the Scriptures, we can put supreme confidence in those sayings as coming close to the original Jesus. The Hebrews of those days had, as they continue to have, a wonderful facility for remembering sayings or precepts which had been given to them; while on the other hand they had a like facility for getting themselves into a hopeless confusion in their memories concerning the facts of history. Their enthusiasm was for the

precepts and for the teachings. It may have been a characteristic of the religious temperament of the Hebrew of those times. It is on this ground that we put so much faith in their traditions concerning the precepts or teachings of their sacred Scripture.

But be that as it may, it was the problem of the scholars to get back to the original Bible. And this has been the purpose of the Higher Criticism. One might suppose that all this would have been easy enough. It only remained, one suggests, for them to go to the original manuscripts, find the original text, study it carefully and then make an honest translation of it. What more could we ask for?

True enough. But what about those original texts? The material on which people wrote in the days when the Bible came into existence was chiefly from the papyrus plant, and unfortunately it had little durability, decaying or rotting away in the course of about a hundred years. Not until long after the Bible had been written did there come into use the new form of parchment, which had positive durability. This, so far as we know, dates back to about the fourth century after Christ. Hence all the original manuscripts are in dust. Not one of them has sur-

vived or could have survived.

As a matter of fact, the oldest manuscript of the Hebrew Bible dates back from about the year 1000 A. D., some 1,200 years after the canon of Hebrew Scriptures was completed. What is more, the orthodox Christian church had lost interest in the Hebrew language. But by good fortune the old Hebrew text had been preserved pretty faithfully among the schools of the Jewish Church. Just about the time when Columbus was starting out on his voyage of discovery of America, a copy of the Hebrew Bible came, as we said in the previous lecture, for the first time from the printing press. And a few years afterward there was published in printed form a copy of the Greek New Testament.

But bear in mind that the Greek language had been ignored for centuries, that manuscripts of any kind from the original Greek New Testament must have been scarce in the extreme, and you will see what a difficulty there was in presenting the original text in printed form. In fact, until about fifty years ago, the oldest complete manuscripts of the New Testament dated from the sixth or seventh century—a long while after Jesus had lived. And unfortunately those manuscripts themselves were not always in accord.

About forty years ago, however, a great discovery was made. A German scholar was staying for a time at a monastery at Mt. Sinai. He noticed while there some old pieces of vellum or parchment lying in a waste basket ready to be burned. Already the contents of two other such baskets had gone into the stove. He pulled out a sheet of that vellum and gave a start, more than a start. He saw that he had before him a page from a Greek Bible earlier than any known up to that time. I need not tell you the further details of the romantic story of that discovery; how it took nearly ten or twenty years of planning and searching for our scholar to get hold of that old manuscript or what remained of it. But at last he succeeded. It contained the whole of the New Testament with one or two other books not now belonging to that part of the Bible but to which there had been references in the writings of the Church Fathers. And it contained also quite a large portion of the Old Testament, although with unfortunate interruptions in the text, where the sheets had been thrown into the stove. The whole manuscript was afterward published to the world and ranks now as the "Codex Sinaiticus." To-day it is accepted as the oldest manuscript of the Bible in existence, coming from about the middle of the fourth century, 350 A. D.

"Now, at any rate," one would say, "there was a chance to get at the original Bible. At last a text had been found which had been written only three or four hundred years after the beginning of the Christian era. All that was necessary was to translate it carefully and give it to the world and the original Bible would be in our hands." But think a moment! Let me give you an impression of the way one of the paragraphs or pages of that manuscript would have looked if it had been in the English language. I take this from an article on the "Codex Sinaiticus" in one of our Encyclopedias:

WAREOFMNFORTHEY
WILLDELIVERYOUUP
TOTHECOUNCILSAND
THEYWILLSCOURGE
YOUINTHEIRSYNA
GOGUESANDYESHALL
BEBROUGHTBEFORE
GOVERNORSANDKINGS
FORMYSAKEFORATES

Do you find it easy to read? The type is large enough, surely. "Yes," you ask, "but where are the punctuation marks?" Quite true; that is what I should like to know. "Why aren't the words separated from each other? How can we know just where one word ends and another begins always?" True, that is what I should like to ask.

Perhaps you may or may not have been aware that in the original form in which the books of the Bible were written there were no punctuation marks, no capitals or small letters; not only that, but no divisions between the words. In this manuscript there is here and there an occasional mark, showing the fact that punctuation points were just coming into use, although only to a very slight degree.

Do you begin to see some of the difficulty in getting at the original Bible? Fancy the text of Shakespeare without a punctuation mark in it, with the words all run together and no separating spaces between them. Would it be easy to read your Shakespeare, and always know just what it meant?

No, it would mean work and an enormous amount of it. And it has meant work on a colossal scale for the scholars to get back to the original text of the Bible and to find out what it meant. Furthermore, keep the other points of difficulty in view. The New Testament was written in a language which was not spoken by Jesus. Besides this, the people in Palestine at the time of Jesus no longer spoke Hebrew. It had become to a degree a dead language. At that time the language in use in Palestine, as you know, was the Aramaic. Already in that day the copies of the sacred Scriptures in popular use were in the Greek language. About 150 years B. C. there had been a translation of the Hebrew literature made chiefly for the Hebrews living down in Egypt. It goes under the name of the "Septuagint," from the Greek number 72, coming from the tradition that seventy-two Jewish scholars had worked upon it, six men appointed from each of the twelve tribes. And the story runs that each one of the seventy-two was put into a separate cell or room and made to translate the whole sacred literature, and that when they all came together it was discovered that every man of them had translated it word for word exactly alike. All very pretty as a tradition! Only as the scholar knows, parts of it had been wretchedly translated and make no sense at all, unless the original Hebrew is compared in order to help out the sense.

Besides this, and illustrating another difficulty, this Septuagint or Greek translation of the Scriptures as we now know, contained quite a number of books which do not now belong to the English Bible. A hun-

dred years ago, to be sure, if you had been living then and gone to purchase a copy, you would have found at the end of the Old Testament a number of other books printed, perhaps, in smaller type. But they have been dropped out from the English Bible altogether. This within only 100 years! They went under the name of the "Apocrypha," as you know.

When, therefore, the new scholars set out with the task of getting back to the original Bible, they had a situation about like this: There was the Latin translation, the Vulgate, made in the fourth century, A. D., which had come down, however, in imperfect manuscripts, and with the copies sadly varying from each other in certain particulars, although on the whole fairly well preserved. There was this Greek translation from the Old Testament, made about 150 years B. C., and existing in manuscripts which had been written about 300 or 400 years A. D. And along with this there were the Hebrew manuscripts dating from about the year 1000 A. D. of the Hebrew Bible. Out of this material it devolved upon them, as I have said, to read the story of the Bible just as the man of science reads the story of the earth. And they have done it in a way that fairly dazes us when we appreciate the difficulties.

At first it might have been said that all that remained was to formulate a good text as near as possible to the original and then translate it. But that was not all.

The chief problem for the new scholarship was not so much to get at the original text, but to study the strata of history when these books were written. Tradition had said, for instance, that whatever was found in the book of Isaiah had been written by Isaiah. Does the book say so? Yet, for a time, it was heresy to assume that parts of the book of Isaiah belonged to several different authors.

And what has been the first result of the researches of these scholars? Why, it has been to discover that in the way we have the English Bible now there is very little chronological order. In certain portions it would almost seem as if somebody had accidentally dropped the separate leaves of the manuscripts from a house-top and they had been scattered all over the ground, and then had been picked up at random and put together without regard to order. It is not quite as bad as this, to be sure, but something of that nature.

I open at the beginning of my Bible and I read the story of the Garden of Eden. It is a beautiful story, fascinating of its kind, and most instructive. Here it is on the second page of my volume. According to tradition-tradition, mind you-this was the earliest portion of the Bible written. Then I go on toward the end of the Old Testament until I come to those books which go under the name of Prophecies. According to tradition these were written at a later time. I look over a number of these prophecies, some of the longest of them. I read them with care, yet I do not find a single reference in them to the story of the Garden of Eden, or to "Adam and Eve." That is strange, passing strange, is it not? Over and over again we find references to "Moses," and the experiences of the Israelites in Egypt, their crossing the Red Sea and their troubles in the "Wilderness." But search as we may, apparently we come on no allusions to Adam and Eve, our first parents, nor the beautiful Garden of Eden.

What shall we make of it? If we were dealing with any other book, which had not been encrusted with various theories or traditions, we should take it for granted that those prophets had never heard of the Garden of Eden, or of Adam and Eve; that the part of the Bible where you find that account had not yet been written, or as yet had not formed a part of the sacred literature of a Bible. The new scholarship will tell you as practically certain that Moses him-

self had never heard of the Garden of Eden nor of Adam and Eve. This chapter which contains the story I am speaking of, they will tell you now, was compiled beyond question after many of the great prophets had lived. If it were placed in its normal condition and the Bible were arranged according to the dates at which the chapters were written, that particular chapter would come in nearer the end of the Old Testament and the Prophecies nearer the beginning.

Is this destructive? No; on the contrary, it is reconstructive. From this standpoint it is possible to see what the Bible means, to get a consistency out of it

We turn again to the historic books and read some of the fascinating chapters concerning Saul and David. They are in what we call the books of "Samuel" and the books of the "Kings." Then we open to long series of chapters called the "Chronicles." Here are other accounts of David and Saul. But on examination the pictures of the character of these men here are not in accord with the pictures of them which we found in the other chapters which we have mentioned. Yet these various chapters or books all come right along together, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, as if they had been written at the same time. What are we to think—that the writers of the same age were disputing with each other and telling falsehoods to each other? It would certainly seem perplexing. In fact, the whole attitude of the author of the Chronicles seems other than that of the author of Samuel and Kings.

But it is also plain enough now when this higher criticism steps in and shows us that the second narrative was written perhaps two or three centuries after the first. It would be just as if there were two histories of early times in England, one of which had been written in the sixteenth century and the other in the eighteenth. Now, in a certain respect the earlier history would be more accurate, as it comes nearer to the events described. But it might also have been written at a time when men were more careless about investigation. On the other hand, the second history may have been written farther away from the original events and the author have found himself in greater difficulty in trying to get at the facts. But he may be a more careful chronicler, so that in other directions his history may be more trustworthy. . But, furthermore, we must take care in studying such histories. The author in each case may have a religious bias. In one instance the writer may have been a Roman Catholic and in the other instance a Protestant. They may both be equally honest, and yet in spite of themselves the difference of attitude will be perceptible and the way they narrate their facts will depend on their religious views.

When the new scholars began to study the book of Chronicles and compare it with the book of Kings or Samuel, it was very plain indeed—this religious bias of the respective authors. Instead of making these books teach less history, this method makes them teach more—when the scholar steps in and explains the situation of the age when the book was written. In point of fact, one might almost say that the Bible from this other standpoint is being used more now to explain history than it ever was before. But it is used more as a means for presenting a true picture of the times when it was written than necessarily of the facts which it describes.

If you think you can open your Bible from this other standpoint and read a paragraph or a page anywhere and understand it, I must ask you to be on your guard. Read it, of course! But it is just as with your Shakespeare. You can botch it woefully if you have not learned how to read the Bible, precisely as you can botch your Shakespeare if you

I want to give you an illustration of the careless use of the Bible, and it will be the best one I could give also in order to bring out this new method of interpretation by which we have re-read the whole story of the Bible.

You have all heard more or less in talk or argument, or you may have read it in books or newspapers, something in the Bible concerning a man who was swallowed by a whale and how this man stayed inside of the whale for three days and was finally spewed out upon the land still alive.

The book which goes under the title of "Jonah" is one of the strange fossils I have been speaking of. It has been used over and over again by many a man, in order to show that he did not believe in the Bible, because he knew that a whale could not swallow a man, and even if the whale had swallowed a man, that man could not stay inside such a creature and keep alive. On the other hand, it has been used likewise by those who wanted to assert their faith in the Bible and who have solemnly put forth the statement that they would have believed it if it had been said that Jonah swallowed the whale. As a result of all this, to a good many persons the trustworthiness of the whole Bible turns around this whale-swallowing story.

But now let us look rather attentively at this book of "Jonah." Read it first, for it is short, only about a page in length. To begin with, right in the middle of the chapter comes a prayer. On looking at it carefully it does not agree with the statements concerning it in the rest of the book. It is mentioned as a prayer made by Jonah while he was inside the fish. But on reading it you discover that it was a prayer of thanksgiving for having come out of the fish. "Yet hast thou brought up my life from the pit, O Lord my God." It does not take much thought to observe, therefore, that this prayer is a psalm, and most clearly a "detached page," not written by the author of the book at all, but simply pasted in there as expressing a feeling of his mind and therefore suitable for quotation, although without the quotation marks. At once, therefore, we eliminate this passage from the rest of the book.

In the next place we want to find out what the book was written for. "Oh," you say, "at least hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people have said it was written to show the wonderful power of the Almighty, how He could hide a man away in the inside of a big fish in the sea and keep him there three days and have him come forth alive once more."

Suppose we decide first as to when this book was written. "This has been settled long ago," one may assert. "It was written when Nineveh was a prominent kingdom." I turn to my "teachers' Bible" and find that it tells me that in all probability the author wrote about the 9th century, B. C. All this is very interesting but very puzzling, if one happens to know much about the history of these times. To begin with, there is a reference to the "king of Nineveh." Now steps in a man who happens to be a great scholar in Oriental lore, a man who knows a great deal about the history of Nineveh by original research, whose name was Sayce, and who tells us from his positive knowledge that at that time it was not customary to use such phraseology as "the king of Nineveh." This mode of speech belonged to a much later epoch.

But our scholars examine the language of the book. It is Hebrew—of a certain kind. But the language contains phrases from Aramaic, or the speech which was used in the time of Jesus in Palestine. The linguist knows the history of this language. He knows it was spoken by the people up north of Palestine, not among the Israelites at first. It was not until several centuries after the date assigned for the

writing of Jonah, that this language crept down further south and came more and more into use among the Hebrews. The author is using phrases which belonged to the 3rd and 4th centuries, and not the 8th and 9th centuries, B. C. This is enough to settle the fact once for all. The Chapter from the Bible I am speaking of to you, contrary to tradition, is one of the very latest to have been written, and is rightly placed near the end of the Old Testament. Unfortunately it is followed by another short book called "Micah," who was one of the very earliest writers of the Old Testament, and may have lived about the 8th or 9th century. Apparently there is no difficulty for the scholars in knowing that the language of these two books is centuries apart, that they belong side by side, just about as much as the "Faery Queen" by the poet Spenser, who died in about 1400, belongs side by side with the "Idylls of the King," written by Tennyson in this century.

Now having found out the approximate date when the book of Jonah was written, from the language and other incidental circumstances, our question arises, what was it written for? In order to settle this point, we must ask ourselves concerning the conditions among the people of Israel at that time. This will not be so difficult because we have approached an age of pretty plain history. We know what had been going on among that people for a length of time, how the priests and teachers had been working with might and main to make the laws among the people rigid in the extreme, to emphasize in the highest degree the distinction between Jew and Gentile, to encourage the Jew to look with contempt and utter scorn upon all other races as being inferior and scarcely worth thinking of; how race pride was being made the crucial point in religion; how this was narrowing Judaism, cutting it off from any possible influence, from the rest of the world and threatening to make it a dead force so far as the future of culture and civilization was concerned. But it so happened that while that narrow sect was working with all its might and main to make those customs and those beliefs rigid in the extreme, a small school, perhaps very small indeed, was rising, with men who were taking the opposite attitude, and suggesting that the days for those rigid distinctions were coming to an end-pointing out that there was something higher and more important than race distinctions, that God was more than a God of the Jews, that he was a God of man.

And at last this new standpoint of that small school found a voice in the book of Jonah.

In this book, written about 300 years, it may be, before Christ, you have the one great sentiment of Jesus, already anticipated; written so plain that all can see. There comes forth the extraordinary standpoint by which the author was fighting the narrow schools all around him as if he were exclaiming: "Almighty God knows naught of your Jew and your Gentile. Your race distinctions, your sense of superiority, all that may be good or bad, according to circumstances. But all that is a human affair. In the eye of the Omnipotent, there is only one race, one human creature." To quote from the book of Jonah:

"And God said to Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said, I do well to be angry even unto death. And the Lord said, Thou hast had pity on the gourd for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it to grow, which came up in the night and perished in the night; and should not I have pity on Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand?"

In this we have the whole point of the book. It is the story of a man belonging to that narrow school of sectarianism who wanted God only for his race and his sect, and who looked upon all other hu-

man creatures as belonging to an inferior order; a man who had gone to denounce the people of Nineveh and to tell them of the destruction coming upon them because of their wickedness, and then was angry and disappointed when they repented, because the destruction did not come so that his prophecy might prove true.

It means the turning point in the world's history between race religion and universal religion, between the belief in a God of one race or one people, and the belief in a God of all races or all peoples. "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it to grow, and should not I have pity on Nineveh, that great city?"

What has all this to do with the whale swallowing story, you ask; the big fish and how Jonah lived inside of the big fish unharmed for three days and three nights?

Yes, I know all about that. I can recall, as perhaps you can also, how our old catechism used to run about like this:

Who was the first man? Adam. Who was the first woman? Eve. Who was guilty of the first murder? Cain. Who escaped from the flood? Noah. Who lived inside of the whale for three days, kept alive by the Lord? Jonah. And what became of Jonah afterwards? Why he was spewed out by the whale on the dry land unharmed. What were the names of the three men who were cast into the fiery furnace? Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

And so it went on. You know it all. I shall remember those last three names, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego until I die. That was the old conception of the Bible. And the story of Jonah was there to show the power of the Lord in keeping a man alive for three days inside of a whale.

And because of that impression, many people have lost the notion as to the beauty or meaning of the books of the Bible, and the book of Jonah has become a laughing-stock to many, a debating point between the atheist and the orthodox believer. It has been said: What can the Bible be good for, if it is there to teach things like that?

Suppose that "Shakespeare" was looked upon now-adays as a fetich, not read very much by grown people, but revered as something grand, inspiring, a good book to carry around with you to save you as a preservative from calamity; a safeguard in the vest pocket from bullets in war or from drowning in time of peace. In all probability you would have a catechism for the young running like this:

When did Shakespeare die? 1616. Where did he live most of the time? In London. How many plays did he write? Thirty-five may be one answer, forty another,—although on this question there would be bitterness of feeling almost to a point of death. What was the greatest play of Shakespeare? Hamlet. And what wonderful event is described in Shakespeare? The appearance of a ghost. And who was the ghost? It was Hamlet's father. When did this ghost appear? At midnight. When did he have to leave the scene? At the cock-crowing. What did the ghost say to Hamlet? How many times did the ghost appear? How did the ghost look?

And then you would have as a result of all this a certain school of wise men who would be running down Shakespeare and saying it was a pernicious book to put into the hands of the young, because it encouraged superstition, leading people to believe in ghosts when we know there are no ghosts; and that it was not a healthy book for sane people to read nowadays; and that as for them, the wise ones. they were going to read something better where they should not come upon superstitions of this kind.

Did Shakespeare believe in ghosts? I do not know and I do not care. It doesn't make any différence

whatever as to the significance of the play of Hamlet. People of those days did believe in ghosts and he saw fit to give that setting to his play in order to

bring out his thought. Did the author of Jonah believe that a man might be swallowed by a big fish, stay inside of the fish for three days in the sea and come out alive again? I do not know and I do not care. It doesn't make any difference to me as to the meaning of this book by that author. I know perfectly well that in those days when he wrote, the mass of the people did believe that just such events could happen as a matter of course; and it is plain that this author chose for reasons of his own to give this setting to his story while bringing out his thought. But the point of it all is plain enough. It hasn't anything to do with the whale-swallowing episode.

Now which Bible shall we choose? That of the Higher Criticism, which gives us the thought of the Bible? Or the old-fashioned kind which gives us the wonders of the Bible? We shall have to make our choice.

Here in my hands I hold a new translation of the Bible, made from those original texts, after the researches of the new scholars into the age when the books of the Bible were written. Being made by many scholars it will appear in many volumes, and perhaps not be completed for many years. But it is a marvelous piece of work and it is giving us the original Bible. The volume I hold in my hand is one of the many. It happens to be of the book which goes under the name of "Isaiah."

According to tradition, this whole book of Isaiah was written or spoken by one man, that one prophet. But the new scholars step in and say "No." was written by a number of men covering a period ot several centuries. By and by the utterances of those various men, in manuscript form, came to be pinned together somehow, and took their title from the name of the longest chapter or from the writer who lived first, by the name of Isaiah.

Furthermore, the parts have fallen together very carelessly; the portions by each author are not by themselves. The men who pieced them together must have been very ignorant, as anyone can see who studies the matter. There are parts of one page which belong to parts on another page. You can determine it by the language, by the allusions, by a number of characteristics. If you read it as it stands in the old version you jump from one subject to another, from one standpoint to another, and the closer you read the more perplexed you are.

But now look at my translation. On the same page there may be two or three colors. Here are blue and red and purple, three unlike tints, for example.

What does all this mean? It is made on a scheme of colors, as you know. This is the "Polychrome Bible," the most accurate version ever published. It is simply the translation of a scholar or a set of scholars, and where you have one color anywhere in the book, it means that all the parts in that color belong together from one author, or from the same age, whereas the parts under another color belong to some other author or to another age. By this means, instead of reading the book straight through in a haphazard way, you can read it in the order in which the parts originally stood. Then you will see the real sublimity of the teachings of "Isaiah," or the various "Isaiahs." If you respected these teachings in former times, I almost venture to say that you will revere them now. They will make sense to you as perhaps never before. You are coming near to the original Bible.

Kind words are benedictions; blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them.—Frederick Saunders.

The Study Table.

"The Ethical Problem" and Other Publications of the Open Court Publishing Company,

The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago covers a unique and important field in scientific and philosophic literature. No other house in this country devotes itself so fully to bringing forth works of science from all nations; while its two magazines, The Open Court and The Monist, contain discussions of similar nature. The former, an extension of the religious parliament idea, stands for the science of religion and the religion of science; the latter discusses the fundamental problems of philosophy in their practical relation to the religious, ethical and sociologic questions of the day. To mention a few of those who have contributed to the pages of one or the other journal, or whose books have been sent forth from this press, we may cite from Germany, August Weismann, Max Müller, Mach, Haeckel, Cornill and Wundt; of England, the late George J. Romanes and C. Lloyd Morgan, prominent among the successors to Darwin; Binet, Ribot, Topinard and others of note in the realms of psychology and sociology in France; Tolstoy in Russia and Lombroso in Italy. Of our own country Joseph Le Conte, Lester Ward and W. T. Harris may be mentioned, and nearer home, Professors H. von Holst and John Dewey.

It is not surprising, considering both the metaphysical quality and practical ability of the Teuton mind, that we should owe the establishment of such a company to two German scholars. Mr. Edward C. Hegeler, the founder, deserves mention as a man of great intellectual attainments and cosmical interests, while to Dr. Paul Carus, the manager and editor-in-chief, we are indebted for an extensive series of philosophic Some of these are expository of oriental thought, regarding which the author is a recognized authority. Others elucidate the theory of monism, the unitary conception of the universe upon which the

magazines of the Open Court are based.

The particular book under consideration at the present time is "The Ethical Problem," by Dr. Carus, this year presented in an enlarged second edition containing a discussion of the three original lectures from Mr. William M. Salter and other prominent thinkers. Thus by means of a philosophic controversy we have literally an "open court," in which are advanced views upon such questions as the nature of conscience, the distinction between moral law and moral rules, the ultimate basis of morality, and cognate subjects. While some of us would not agree with Dr. Carus that "the ethical problem is the burning question of the day, there are few who would dissent from the proposition that any existing system of ethics must plant itself upon an acknowledged basis before it can be really effective in its moral aims and ideals. Without a regulative principle at bottom, we may have enthusiasm or sentimentality, but not ethics. The old religions are each built upon a philosophy. It is their world conceptions, indeed, which determine their practical conduct. To-day there is a large number of liberal thinkers who are unable to accept tenets of supernaturalism or mysticism; such as underlie dogmatic theology. It is these men and women who make up the societies for ethical culture. Dr. Carus pleads with these societies for the establishment of ethics as a science. The change we need is not one of morality, but of the arguments upon which the old morality is based. The criteria of scientific ethics will be found in those truths, the authority of which depends upon their capability of proof. Thus, recognizing the oneness of religion and morality, Dr. Carus attempts to rehabilitate the religion of the churches by establishing it upon natural instead of supernatural motives. The new ethics is the religion of science, and its basis, he asserts, is to be found in facts, which are the realities of life. Ethics may be defined as "the enhancement of the self," the self meaning the higher personality which merges itself into the interests of the social whole. The most important fact to be considered in ethics is the relation of man to man, or, as the author expresses it, "that super-individual soul-life which we call society." Its task is to expand the interests of each individual so that they will embrace the welfare and sufferings of the human race in all its

future generations.

Since Dr. Carus rejects both the Utilitarians and the Hedonists, it is natural that he should make duty instead of utility or pleasure the gauge of a man's moral worth. He says that methods of progress lead in the line of greatest resistance, and that "before we can make happiness the aim of life, we must let ethics so educate us that the most imperative want of our soul will be the performance of our duties." It would seem that the reason why progress has usually led in the line of the greatest resistance might be found in past dogmatic systems of ethics, which have restricted unreasonably the social forces and created unnecessary barriers against the free play of social energy. There are many who will hope to find the new ethics, planted as it is upon the religion of science, doing just this for the human race—giving warrant and purpose to all its faculties and reducing arbitrary friction in their exercise, so that progress need not mean such mighty overcomings, and duty and happiness may be thought worthy alike and present a unified advance.

Of greatest interest to the student of the theory of organic evolution are three volumes called "Darwin and After Darwin," by George J. Romanes, one of the most notable of the successors of Darwin. This, the American edition, is printed in excellent type and contains diagrammatic tables and an extensive series of wood cuts, which further elucidate the theme. Too much cannot be said of Mr. Romanes' work, not only because of his proficiency in the subject, but for his remarkable clearness and conciseness of language. The first volume is a condensed and critical statement of the general theory of organic evolution, with reference to the distinctively Darwinian hypothesis. Thus it is a compendium or educational exposition of Darwinian teaching, adapted to the requirements of the general reader or student of biology. The two later installments are more technical, and appeal primarily to professed naturalists who are specialists in Darwinism. Heredity and Utility are the subject matter of the second volume, Isolation and Physiological

Selection of the third.

Among other issues of the company must be mentioned the reprint edition of M. Huc's "Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China." This famous book of the Jesuit traveler in the forties is brought again before the public to throw the contrast of truth upon the sensational reports of modern times regarding the Thibetan Mahatmas and other characteristics of the East. The volumes are illustrated with fifty wood engravings and a map of the route of the journey. As the "Travels" offer especial study of Buddhistic institutions, they are pleasantly seconded by another publication, "Scenes From the Life of Buddha," a series of beautiful pictures, reproduced from the painting of Keichyu Yamada, professor in the Imperial Art Institute, Tokyo. Dr. Carus' translation of the "Tao-Teh-King" of Lao-Tze, with transliteration, has already become prominent among scholars, both at home and abroad. Representative of the poetic type of literature, we have a charming novelette by Richard Wagner, called "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven." It

was written during the early days of failure and destitution in Paris but despite its melancholy breathes an exalted enthusiasm for art and its masters. Dr. Carus has also recently published a cosmical poem, "De Rerum Natura," and a book of hymns, which are a poetical expression of the religion of science.

LAURA MCADOO TRIGGS.

Good Poetry ..

Endymion.

The rising moon has hid the stars; Her level rays, like golden bars, Lie on the landscape green, With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams, As if Diana, in her dreams, Had dropt her silver bow Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this, She woke Endymion with a kiss, When sleeping in the grove, He dreamed not of her love.

Like Diana's kiss, unasked, unsought, Love gives itself, but is not bought; Nor voice, nor sound betrays Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes—, the beautiful, the free, The crown of all humanity,— In silence and alone To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep, And kisses the closed eyes Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes! O drooping souls, whose destinies Are fraught with fear and pain, Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate, No one so utterly desolate, But some heart, though unknown, Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"
—Henry W. Longfellow.

Opportunity.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: There spread a cloud of dust along a plain; And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes. A craven hung along the battle's edge, And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel-That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand, And lowering crept away and left the field. Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead, And weaponless, and saw the broken sword, Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand, And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down, And saved a great cause that heroic day. -Edward Rowland Sill.

I only polished am in mine own dust;
Naught else against my hardness will prevail,
And thou, O man, in thine own sufferings must
Be polished; every meaner art will fail.

-From Gems of the Orient.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—An error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains.

MON.—Knowledge, love, power—there is the complete life. TUES.—Society rests upon conscience, and not upon science. WED.—Life passes through us—we do not possess it. THURS.—When life ceases to be a promise it does not cease

to be a task; its true name even is trial. FRI.—The great artist is the simplifier.

SAT.—It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a nan, but what he is.

-- Amiel, Journal, Nov. 12, 1852

Be Careful Where You Step.

As a boy with his papa was chatting,
He asked in a sweet, pleading tone,
"Won't you give me a piece of your garden?
I' want to have one all my own.

"I would raise some pumpkins for lanterns, And corn that would pop out, you know When we sit by the grate in the winter, And the ground is all covered with snow.

"Then I'd plant some flower-seeds surely,
For flowers are the butterflies' home;
In the morning the birds would come early,
And sing us a song ere they roam."

Twas granted—one corner was given;
Soon the seeds peeped out of the ground,
And the twain took a walk through their gardens
To look at the plants to be found.

"Now, papa," Ned says, "you be careful That you step in just the right place, For right in your footprints I'm stepping." "Ah, that," sighed papa, "is the case."

Not only in the gardens at springtime, But along the whole journey of life. We are making footprints for our loved ones Which will lead them to joy or to strife.

Let's stop now, and think, ere we journey,
Would we travel the road just ahead
If we knew that our own cherished darlings
Would follow the path we have led?

-Northwestern Christian Advocate.

A Little Baby Bear.

If I gave you ten guesses, you would use them all and still not be able to tell me what queer visitor I had the other day. Do you give it up? Well, it was a tiny baby bear. A hunter had caught him in the woods, and brought him to town in his arms. As soon as I heard of him I invited the baby to spend part of a day with me; and we had great fun playing together.

Long ago I used to have a picture of Santa Claus, a fat little man, all dressed up in a fur suit, and, when I saw the baby bear, I could almost believe that my picture had come alive. He had the same short woolly legs and fat roly-poly body; and there, too, was the droll, grave face, looking as if he were just trying to keep from laughing. He came right into the house as if he had known me all the three weeks of his life, and walked about under the chairs and tables; for he was no larger than a big cat. His little pointed black nose went into everything that he saw; but, as soon as he had got a good smell, he trotted away, and put his nose into something else. He seemed to be hunting for some smell that he had known in the woods, where he was born and lived so cosily, snuggled up in his moth-

er's nice black fur. When he got through with the legs of things, he went higher. Right up to the tiptop of a great armchair he climbed, and hung himself across the back as if he were hanging himself out to dry. There he rested a little while. Then, drawing himself into a ball, off he rolled on to the floor with such a thump that I thought he must have hurt himself. But he thought not; for, without even waiting to rub his knees, he ran across the floor to stand up on his hind feet in front of my bookcase. He reached out one of his soft paws and patted the books, as if to say: "I like you very much, but I have not time to read you just now."

I am sure you would have thought him very cunning if you had seen him tripping about on his hind feet with a tiny yellow orange in his arms. He hugged it tight across his breast, and set a row of wee baby teeth in the skin. But I did not catch a glimpse of his tongue until I gave him the hand-mirror. The moment he saw the baby bear in the glass, a pink tongue, like a curled rose-leaf, came out, and made loving little smudges all over the bright glass.

Again and again he lifted up the glass, and peeped underneath to find the baby bear behind it. I suppose he wanted a good hug beside the kisses; and I don't wonder, for he was soft and nice to squeeze.

When his dinner time came, I gave him his milk in a bottle with a rubber top. When he saw it, he reached out and whimpered for it, just as a hungry baby does. He stood up and took the bottle between his front paws, and, tipping it up, sucked away so fast that soon there was no milk left.

Then, when he saw that it was all gone, he lifted up his little black coat-sleeve and wiped off his milky mouth

On his way back to his home the children got about him on the street and laughed and jumped around him, clapping their hands; but he seemed to like the fun, and made them laugh louder by standing up on his hind legs and walking like a cunning little man. He wanted to stay out in the street to play some more when he got home; but you see it was past bear bedtime, and he had to be taken in. I am glad to be able to tell you that he did not cry at all as he trotted in and found his own little bed, that must have seemed nice and homelike, all ready for him in the corner.—St. Nicholas.

The Village Lights.

Only a little village street,
Lying along a mountain's side;
Only the silences which meet
When weary hands and weary feet
By night's sweet rest are satisfied;
Only the dark of summer nights,
Only the commonest of sights,
The glimmer of the village lights.

I know not, then, why it should bring
Into my eyes such sudden tears;
But to the mountain's sheltering
The little village seems to cling,
As child, all unaware of fears,
Unconscious that it is caressed,
In perfect peace and perfect rest
Asleep upon its mother's breast.

No stir, no sound! The shadows creep;
The old and young, in common trust,
Are lying down to wait, asleep,
While life and joy will come to keep
With death and pain what tryst they must.
O faith! for faith almost too great!
Come slow, O day of evil freight!
O village hearts, sleep well, sleep late!

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Honor to those whose words or deeds Still help us in our daily needs.

-Longfellow.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Unitarian.—The National Unitarian conference meets in biennial session this year at Washington, D. C., October 16, 17, 18 and 19. An attractive program is already made out. Among the subjects to be discussed are "The Nature and Character of God." "The Higher Nature of Man," "How We Understand and Make Use of the Bible in Our Work,"
"Jesus as Help in Our Work," "How the Doctrine of Immortality Helps to Promote the Higher Life of Man," "ReJigion in Education, Citizenship and Sociology." The sermon on Thursday evening is to be preached by Samuel M. Crothers, who is now "D. D." by grace of Harvard College. * * * Mary A. Safford, after fourteen years of successful ministry at Sioux City, Ia., is to leave the work at this point. Miss Safford is to take up the Iowa field work, and, in connection with her associate, Miss Jenney, to foster the church at Des Moines. * * * It now seems probable that F. C. Southworth will accept the position of secretary of the Western Unitarian conference, leaving the Third Church pulpit in Chicago vacant. * * * Rev. John Snyder of St. Louis closed a twenty-six-year ministry with the Church of Messiah on June 26. The occasion was one of great tenderness. He went there a young man. He is leaving them with the early grey of old age upon his brow. The associations formed during this long period weave in subtle patterns the hopes of the cradle and the grave, the congratulations of marriage altars and the pathos of sin and sorrow, the inspirations of truth-seeking and moral consecrations. Blessed are the memories of such labors, and may great peace go therewith.

Personal.—Thomas R. Slicer, the successor of Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York, is one of the latest ministerial interpreters of Robert Browning. He finds "Sordello" simple and inspiring, and promises a course of six lectures next winter on "The Aim and Method of Browning." He seeks the shades of his summer home at Little Compton, R. I., for the preparation thereof. * * * John W. Chadwick is rest-ing at his home in Chesterfield, Mass., by working on a life of Theodore Parker, for which the lovers of Parker will wait eagerly.

Antioch College.—The "Yellow Springs News" of June 29 contains the following, which the friends of Antioch College will read with interest. We join with ex-President Long in his cordial welcome to President Bell and in his appeal for earnest and united support:

"I received a letter from President W. A. Bell, 27th inst., in which he said: 'I have just telegraphed my acceptance. * * Mrs. Bell and I will start for California on Wednesday next, but will return earlier than I at first planned. I hope to be in Yellow Springs by August 15. * * * My address till July 15 will be at Los Angeles, Cal., care Hollenbeck Hotel; after that date, Santa Rosa, Cal."

Let Yellow Springs prepare to give President Bell a cordial welcome to his new field and arduous labors. Antioch College can only succeed by carnest and united effort on the part of the people of Ohio DANIEL ALBRIGHT LONG.

The Woman's Journal contains the following:

Miss Edith Endicott Marean took her degree at Radcliffe College last Tuesday, magna cum laude—another fact to set against the remonstrant theory that the children of woman suffrage mothers are apt to be "mentally defective." Miss Marean is a daughter of Mrs. Emma E. Marean of the "Christian Register."

Surely, even the remonstrants would not suspect any "men-

tal "defects" in the daughter of Mrs. Emma E. Marean, the efficient right hand of the "Christian Register," the whilom contributor to UNITY, and once the hearty worker of All Souls' Church, where Edith received her first church training, the church that still enjoys the love and friendship of mother and daughter. Unity extends congratulations to both, for the sake of "auld lang syne."

The Bible as Literature.—We are told in the "Despatch," from Detroit, that Prof. R. G. Moulton of the University of Chicago called forth much comment and some vigorous opposition by his lecture before the Christian Endeavor convention on "Romance of the Bible." The offense seems to lie in the fact that he said that "the story of Joseph is merely a piece of beautiful literature." We thought that is all "Hamlet" is. The Book of Job, the Twenty-third Psalm, the Sermon on the Mount and the Twelfth Chapter of Corinthians, we thought to be bits of "beautiful literature." Is this a term of reproach? One element of literary power, one test of literary excellence lies in the truthfulness of the composition in question.

Chicago. All Souls Church.-July 9 was Liberty Sunday at All Souls' Church. In the morning Mrs. Dario Pappa of Winnetka preached in the vacation series, on "Repulicanism in Italy." Mrs. Pappa is the widow of one of the Italian patriots who founded the first Democratic sheet ever published in Italy, the "Italia del Popolo." Signor Pappa died in 1887, since which time his widow, returning to her native land, has resided at her old home in Winnetka, near Chicago, and publishes quarterly the organ her husband founded.

In the evening Fritz Andrea and William H. Reeves, exmembers of the Volunteer Signal Corps, sergeant and private respectively, gave an illustrated lecture on the Philippines and the Filipinos. These two American soldiers saw active service at Manila, and the camera truthfully reported much they saw. These lecturers have approved themselves to the friends of Philippine freedom in Boston and New York. They tell a plain story that carries irresistibly the argument of anti-imperialism. The local press, of course, made merry at the expense of these representatives of the common people, but we bid them godspeed in this work of public education. Let the people hear from those who know whereof they speak, and they will the more speedily grow sick of the sad butchery and more ready to listen to the other side.

Jewish.—We are glad to note the fact that our fellowworker, Joseph Stolz, rabbi of Isaiah Temple, has been appointed by the mayor as a member of the Board of Education. He will give faithful work. * * * The play of "Hamlet" has recently been presented in Yeddish at the Jewish Theater on the West Side in this city. * * * Jacob H. Schiff. the great Jewish philanthropist of New York, has recently given two hundred thousand dollars to Harvard University for a department in Semitic language, and two hundred thousand dollars more for scholarships to encourage study in the same direction.

The Gospel of the Birds .- Rev. William F. Whittaker, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, has been systematically encouraging bird study among the children of his Sunday-school. Prizes were given to the children who showed most original work done in the study of birds, their songs and their habits. For further particulars see the "Humane News," Albany, May, 1899.

Kalamazoo, Mich .- The People's Church has been without a permanent pastor since the first of May, when the Rev. E. E. Carr's resignation took effect; since then the pulpit has been ably filled by the state missionary, Rev. Florence Kellock Crooker of Ann Arbor, and Rev. Lucy Textor of Grand Haven.

The last Sunday in June concluded the year's work, and the church will be closed during July and August. ladies' society, which did such faithful work the year round, gave at their last meeting a picnic supper to which the gentlemen were invited. The Sunday-school, kindergarten, young men's and young women's societies and other branches connected with the church, all join in the vacation, and will take up their work again in September, with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. It is hoped that a new pastor will be secured by that time.

Editor Unity, Chicago, Ill.:
Dear Sir: I think you deserve the commendation of all fair-minded people for the support you are giving to Professor Andrews in his efforts to have fair play in the Chicago schools. If the lady teachers are so exclusive as to desire to exclude gentlemen (who are oftentimes more competent) from teaching, it shows that, as a class, they are mentally on a par with the members of sundry trades unions who exhibit like petty jealousy. It seems to me that they stand prima facie self-condemned for their course of action. Respectfully,

Omaha, June 28, 1899.

WALTER BREEN.



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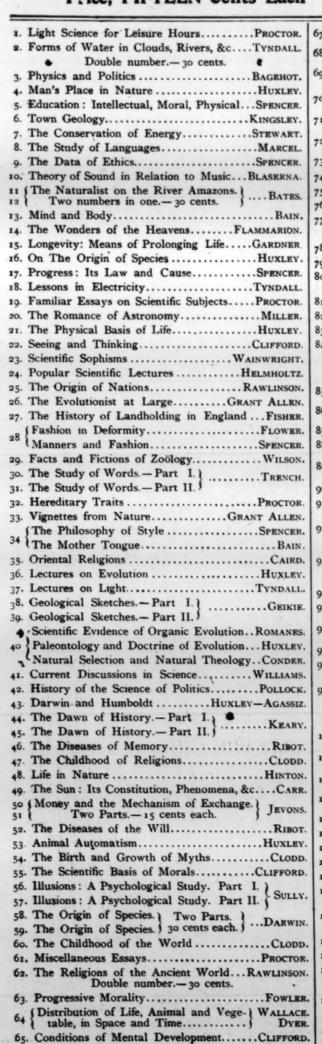
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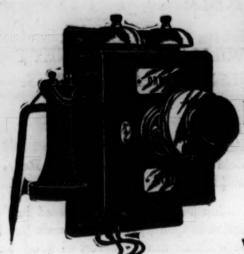
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